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THE OUTLOOK FOR THE FUTURE.

Looking at the prevailing confusion, strife, bloodshed, ambitious policies and idolizing of power, one may well ask, What hope is there for a future of goodwill, trust, coöperation and peace? Will the din of war and the clanking of armor ever die away? Will the promise of the prophets ever be fulfilled, that nation shall no longer lift up sword against nation? Superficially there seems at the present moment little hope. But a deeper view discloses the largest grounds for encouragement. Militarism, bloated as it is, is a decaying institution. The powerful opposition to existing wars in both England and America is conclusive evidence that the heart of civilized humanity is turning rapidly away from the system of blood; that its conscience is ripening fast for the final outlawing and destruction of war. All the great spiritual, intellectual, social, industrial and economic movements of the time are with us. The soldier, despite his multiplicity, is fast becoming an anachronism and an anomaly in our civilization. The forces that make for brotherhood and peace are more numerous and more powerful than those which lead to strife and war. The task of the friends of peace hereafter, though an immense and a difficult one, will consist not so much in the creation of peace sentiments and forces as in the mobilizing, concentration and wise direction of those already existing. Here lies the difficulty of our task and the greatness of our hope.

We regret, in closing another year's work, to have to note the death of a number of members, some of whom had been long and prominently connected with the work of the Society. Of our Board we have recently lost Mr. William E. Sheldon, of West Newton, who had been for twelve years most pleasantly associated with us as a member of the Board and the Executive Committee. We desire to record our high appreciation of his ability, sincerity, faithfulness and cheerful performance of every duty demanded by his position.

In the place of those taken away, we are glad to record the addition to the Society of a considerable number of new helpers, both annual and life members.

With devout thankfulness to God for the grace and blessings which he has vouchsafed to us during the year, this report is respectfully submitted.

On behalf of the Board,

BENJAMIN F. TRUEBLOOD, *Secretary*.

BOSTON, May 9, 1900.

Further Contributors.

Since our last issue the following persons, in response to our appeal, have made contributions in sums varying from one dollar to seventy-five dollars: Cephas Brainerd, New York; Alexander Cochrane, Boston; G. L. Demarest, Manchester, N. H.; W. T. Doubleday, Binghamton, N. Y.; Rev. W. C. Gannett and wife, Rochester, N. Y.; Edwin Ginn, Boston; Samuel L. Hartman, Lancaster, Pa.; Mrs. P. R. Hollingsworth, Boston; Margaret M. Holly, Brookline, Mass.; C. P. Jaynes, Boston; Charlotte Lawrence, Boston; Mrs. J. F. Osgood, Boston; W. J. Palmer, Colorado Springs, Col.; George Foster Peabody, New York; Mrs. H. Pickering, Boston; L. H. Pillsbury, Derry, N. H.; F. B. Sears, Boston.

The Tournament.

IDA WHIPPLE BENHAM.

Hate and Pride would have a tournament

One day, one fateful day;

So all abroad the messages were sent,—

“O come, ye nobles all, and join the fray!

Baron and prince and knight,

Hither and join the fight!

Come away, away!”

A thousand swords were drawn on either side

That day, that woful day;

Hate was wounded, wounded sore was Pride;

Spears were broken, banners torn away.

Many a knight lay bleeding on his shield;

The dead were scattered o'er the crimson field—

Come away, away!

Love and Pity went at evenfall

That night, that mournful night;

Bound the wounds and bruises, tended all,

Straightened the poor dead limbs, and put to flight

Fierce beasts and preying birds,

And spoke consoling words,

That mournful night.

“Bravo! bravo!” rang the wild shout at morn

That day, that evil day.

“Hurrah for Hate! hurrah for Pride and Scorn!

Give him of the coal-black charger right of way!”

At eve no cry exultant shakes the air,—

But groans, and sobs, and a woman's voice in prayer.

Come away, away!

MYSTIC, CONN.

Snap Shots from Washington.

BY REV. WILBUR F. CRAFTS, PH.D.

AMERICA'S NEW “BURDEN.”

European industry has long been weighed down, as by the old man of the sea, with militarism. The same fate threatens our own country. Let us throw off even the play-soldiers of our schools, ere they grow to grenadiers.

KIPLING

has “forgot,” this Baalam of Anglo-Saxondom, who was chanting the “Recessionary” so recently, and is now glorifying war and jesting of Tommy Atkins' rapes, in his “Absent-Minded Beggar.”

ANTI-CANTEEN GENERALS.

The selection of Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener as the men to save the day in South Africa ought to reinforce also the world-wide war with intemperance. Without approval of that war or any other, we may well approve, as a removal of one of war's deadliest features, worse than dum-dum bullets and lyddite shells, what these generals have done toward abolishing canteens.

Lord Kitchener led a teetotal army to victory in the Soudan, where he established prohibition, and Lord Roberts made experiments in India by which he proved that twenty-five thousand soldier abstainers could put in the field two thousand more effective troops than fifty thousand drinkers.

The only superior officer to these two, Lord Wolseley, also encourages the English Army Temperance Association, instead of saying, like those in charge of our army, that soldiers will drink anyhow. (Apply, with stamp, to The Reform Bureau for "Testimonies of One Hundred Military Officers against Canteens." They agree that even the sale of beer under military supervision is bad for health and order in the army, and if so there, it must be so everywhere.)

A MANILA CHAPLAIN LOOSE IN WASHINGTON.

It would be "mighty interesting reading" if the whole story were told of the simple-hearted chaplain from Tennessee, whose righteous soul had been vexed beholding the Sodom which American rum has made in Manila, and who came to Washington on purpose to ask the President, or Secretary of War, to cut off with a stroke of the pen the saloons which exist there by their permission. The President sent him to the Secretary of War, and Congressmen sent him there again, but he got only a hearing in each case. However, his hearing before the Sovereign People, who are hardly less at fault for their consent of silence, ought to call forth such a protest as will become to the government an imperative mandate to cut down this awful traffic, at least to what it was when we took possession, with the avowed purpose of civilizing rather than brutalizing them.

That we have in fact done the brutalizing, history and government statistics both prove. Our soldiers have been carried across the Pacific in transports provided with a whiskey bar,—he bought a bottle to prove it,—and the same illegal infamy was found on the transports that carried our soldiers about the Philippines and brought them home. Some soldiers spent all their final payment for whiskey on the transport returning. Manila streets he found full of American saloons—above four hundred of them—with the horrible accompaniments of gambling and prostitution. Many of our soldiers were captured when intoxicated in the company of native women, and ninety per cent. of the diseases were due to the bar and the brothel. Drunkenness was common among officers as well as privates.

Even the *Army and Navy Gazette*, a defender of the canteens, joins the chaplain in lamenting the dishonor which drink has put upon our army in the presence of the more temperate Filipinos. The latest word is the reluctant admission of the War Department that investigations prompted by the chaplain's charges have shown their accuracy, but the debauchery of soldiers and officers is declared by Secretary Root to be excusable after a hard tropical campaign and victory.

Railroads insist on total abstinence in their employees, and get it in large measure. So does the British army. But the leaders of our army assume that our soldiers will and must drink and be drunken.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Fourteenth of April, Nineteen Hundred, at Paris.

BY MANUEL VASSEUR.

In speaking to the nations as she has just done at the opening of the Exposition, France invites the peoples of the world to join her in giving a new direction to civilization. In its simplicity this ceremony, or rather act,

rising above ordinary commonplace things, marked the opening of a superior order of events, and bore the character of real greatness.

Humanity has arrived at a point in its course where the road parts. One of the branches is a continuance of the sad and painful wanderings and butcheries which have engaged peoples in the past. Along this course it has as its guide and evil companion war, and the unspeakable ills which war begets—desolation and death. From the dark night of the ages brute force—destructive physical force—calls to the nations: "Come this way! I will open for you a path through conflagration and massacre. I crush where I pass. I do not reason, I kill. Violence and iniquity are my dearest counselors, and in the fields which I have devastated you shall have the opportunity to construct the bloody edifice of your pleasure."

To these odious words, which, alas! are too often heeded, history responds by the inevitable and oft repeated fall of empires; and by the powerless efforts of Sisyphus, pushing always, but in vain, his stone up to the point of the hill from which it ever rolls back again.

The other branch of the road is lighted with all the splendors of the future. In the domain of peace, labor, fruitful and uninterrupted, pursues its immense task. Concord, the mutual esteem of the nations, allow the application to the well-being and development of life of all the moral forces and those of nature reduced to subjection by science. The earth is transformed by beneficent activities. Siege is laid and victoriously pushed forward against the scourges, pestilences and famines which ravaged and terrified the middle-ages and the ancient world. The fashion of things changes. Progress—true progress—appears. Man respects man; people respects people. They come to love one another, and the right to life is recognized by and for each.

Industry, commerce, agriculture make an advancement which can never again be arrested. Exchange brings fusion of interests, and interests bind the nations together. Intellectual power and moral force finally triumph over brute force, and the sunlight of the beautiful, the just and the true reigns everywhere.

At this turning-point of history, this moment of solemnity, France gives answer to the voice which has been heard from the beginning of time:

"Behold, I set before thee life and death—choose!"

France chooses life, intimately united with peace, and by this choice, this happy change of direction, she enters with full sail upon the shining way of the ideal civilization.

The appeal of Isaiah, repeated from century to century, and re-echoed by the Abbé de St. Pierre, Immanuel Kant, Victor Hugo, Garibaldi; the dreams of Henry IV., William Penn, John Stuart Mill, Lemonnier, David Dudley Field, and so many other illustrious and tireless thinkers, who died in faith and with their eyes turned towards the future,—these dreams, these utopias are taking form and asserting themselves in spite of the resistance and the bloody protestations of the past. And it is France which, giving them life, lifts above them, on the long warlike banks of the Seine, the sacred standard of peace and good understanding among the nations.—*L'Epoque*, Paris.